

yes talk to us
and we to them but when they
leave and run to play
they run to play
peek a boo
with
insanity
gentlemen

Aspects of Robinson, Jr.
to Weldon Kees

Now, twenty-three and residing by Golden Gate
Park. A morning fog rolls in on tide rushed
Breakers; a lady-dressed cop sighs, tired of
Only a dog for company. A pale woman smears on
Lipstick: this is G. G. Park, Junior.

Robbie, Junior watching the Giants while
A surgeon, with a sterile mask in his breast
Pocket, explains how to fix an iron.
The score goes up on the board.
There's where Mays caught that one, Robbie.

Robbie walking across the Golden Gate Bridge;
The tide brings in Pacific waters. Leaning over
And looking down -- the ships call for a
Sea mother. Now safe on the other side.
Robbie in North Beach, walking around the block.

Junior, afraid in the night, crying, running
From dark men. Junior ogling Cleopatra's asp
In cinemascope. Robbie at tea saying, "Yes,
Agatha. But. Yes, Agatha. But Ag --. Damn it
Agatha, I'm not a catholic." The tea spills.

Robbie in bed, alone with the night
Light, paring his toenails. Robbie in the
Bathroom to defecate upon the dead roach in the
Toilet, having a reverence for life.

-- Don Gray

Stockton, California